How the Young Should Treat the Old.

The other day when riding in an omnibus I heard a young person who was positively rude to her mother. This set me thinking, and I thereupon determined to write a treatise on the subject of respect and obedience which the young owe to the old.

A word is enough to this wise, so I am sure you will not need to be told twice to reverence your parents and honor the aged. There are duties springing from the general impulses of every kind heart. Anyone who fails to put them in practice will be no pattern in other virtues: you will never find her generous to the poor, ready to aid the weak, or compassionate to people in misfortune.

It cannot be denied, however, that in these times the young too often fail in their duty (the grown up). According to some, this is readily accounted for. You are no longer, they say, kept in your proper place, and they give a sigh of regret for the time when young folks could hardly even enter a room without being invited by their parents, or sit down in their presence without permission, or speak unless they were spoken to. Congratulate yourselves, my friends, for having been so late. That stern treatment has given place to a state of things more favourable to happiness; you have come into the world in the dawn of a new era of gentleness and love.

But there is something, for all that, in what these people say. You enjoy more freedom than used to be the case, and having got an inch you think you got a yard. Young people, according to human nature—human nature, I mean, after it has parted company with common sense and propriety.

No doubt, when you rebel at the claims of those who are older than yourselves, there is occasionally something to be said in your favour. I acknowledge it, for I would not be hard to get rid of all the expectant spirits and all the foot under restraint, and your gay and buoyant life harmonises but ill—spite of all your efforts—"with the grave ways and sober thoughts of maturity.

Thus, sometimes, the old in their management of the young are in the wrong—undeniably in the wrong. Then, why say, then, what should we obey? First of all make sure you are in the right—and ten to one you are not—then remember that the business of youth is not criticism, but obedience. It is a simple rule never to question, but always to analyse the rights of those in authority over us.

"Children," according to a popular proverb, "are certain cares"; it is the only thing certain about them. You know the anxiety you cost your elders—the wakeful nights, the careful planning, the hard work, the fragrant lemons. Perhaps you others do not speak of such things, but in actual fact affection is not in the habit of making a boast of its labours and nights and days. Will you repay all this toll by failing to love your father and mother so much as never to know when you have done enough for them.

And what is true as regards parents is not true in the case of almost all the grown-up people, especially in the case of those who have not been taught to respect and obey. It is a world full of toil by the old; yet the benefit of the young. They are busy improving the earth for your use in the future, and the least that you who look on can do for those who work is to give them respect and a willing obedience.

Perfect wives are made of faithful daughters. "When a woman," says one whose name I forget, "behaves to her parents in a particularly tender and respectful manner there is nothing good and gentle that may not be expected in the future; the affection in life she placed in this is an aspect of the matter taking note of, and perhaps the young men of the future may add it as an article to their list of things to respect and obey.

Your conduct now, remember, will bear fruit after awhile. Wait a few years, and, as little fishes in the end grow to be whales, you will be occupying the place of those who now are old and middle-aged. How can you hope to reap reverence, then, if you now disrespect now? That would be as ridiculous as the expectation of the professional ignoramus, having learned that what a man says shall be also reap, sowed salt, and fancied that if there were only rain enough it would come up nicely.

There is a deeply-dug street, where I live, called my dear—who looks in vain for obedience on the part of her children, and I don't wonder at it when I remember that in youth she was in the habit. Like my acquaintance of the omnibus, of snubbing her mother, and failing in respect to her elders.

Our parents and other straight people, having been in the world before us, have all the rights and privileges of first-comers. First-comers, you know, are here rights and privileges. They are always very welcome, but they are not entitled to the best places nor to give the word of command.

There is a great virtue in obedience, and she does not deserve at any time to have authority who is not in youth very ready to do another's will rather than her own. I don't think any of us need to be told how sweet it is to be of service to those who are dear to us, and how the happiest fortune is to be filled with that Christian love which longs to bless others.

Our intercourse with the old—whether they are our parents or not—should be a long course of services and attentions. The privilege of youth ought to be to run the errands, to give the turns, to do a hundred and one things for them, but we will have a rich reward in the approval of conscience and the feeling when those we have rest at last in their quiet graves that we have done our duty by them.

Do we all, then, resolve to act in harmony with the suggestions of this article? All? That's right, my friends. I have no hesitation in saying that you are the best of all the girls and the delight of all who know you.

CHILBLAINS.

By Mercius.

The very word "chilblain" seems a curious one, but full of very disagreeable meaning especially in the winter months. It is derived from two Saxon words, namely, chelh, meaning cold, and blaimen, one in the mouth. In simple language a chilblain is a swelling on the hand, on the fingers, or on the foot. Even if you save a mitred form of frost-bite. The evil effects of the cold are felt, until what medical men and surgeons term chronic lesion has taken place that, is, until the blood which has been dispelled by the chill returns to the skin, and returns to it with sufficient force to cause a certain degree of inflammation. The parts so affected—probably from the fingers, or a toe or heel—will be found red and swollen, and most disagreeable itching and tingling will be felt, quite sufficient, in many instances, to drive the suffering person out of the chair. The chillblain assumes a bluish hue, and children once attacked are very liable to be so again.

Now, it is as well to remember that it is far more easy to prevent the occurrence of chilblain than to cure it. A child or young person sitting long hours with their feet to the cold, should not be allowed to go too near the fire, nor even remain in a too warm room. It is rapid reaction that causes the chillblain. If the feet or hands have been numbed with the cold, they should be taken to restore them slowly, or they may be rubbed with powdered starch, or, as suggested by the eminent authority, a liniment composed of the yolks of two eggs, which oil and turpentine, and the same quantity of vinegar may be used to restore the circulation.

The smell, however, of this liniment may be objected to, so one composed of two ounces of camphor-limon to one ounce of laurel, and the same quantity of hartshorn may be used. Chilblains once formed, hundreds of remedies are from time to time recommended. A mixture of the compound tincture of iodine and liquor ammonium, equal parts, painted over the inflamed parts twice a day, is probably as good as any. Glycerine or liniment eases the itching, and some may find relief from bathing the chillblain in a strong solution of alum; an ounce of the powder dissolved in a pint of soft water.

Women who suffer much in winter from this disagreeable complaint, should take a course of cod liver oil and mustard of yellow buck before the cold weather comes on, or Darbish's chemical food, which will prevent their own chemist will be able to state the proper dose, which should be according to age, and the length of time it may be taken to do good is about six weeks. Warnings and gloves of chilblains; tight shoes encourage them.